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The Musical olio

London

[18--]

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Control Number: ADD-9830 OCLC Number: 27479282

Call Number: W PN970.E5 MUSIx

Title: The Musical olio.

Imprint: London: Printed for the Booksellers; Brampton: R.

Latimer, printer, [18--]

Format : 12 p. ; 18 cm.

Note: Cover title.
Note: "No. 7"

Note: Second imprint from colophon.

Note: Without music.

Subject: Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY PRESERVATION RESOURCES (BETHLEHEM, PA)

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Cleveland, Ohio, USA Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began:

8-31-94

Camera Operator:

CS





MUSICAL

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No. 7.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



THE

musical olio.

THE HOLLY BRANCH.

Hurrah for merry Christmas,
Though his days be chill and drear,
I greet his coming gaily
For his good old English cheer.
Though his icy hand hath driven
The leaves from every tree,
When the sturdy oak is riven,
The holly branch for me!

The holly branch it clusters
Its berries bright and red
When the flowers of the forest,
Fair, fragile things, are dead.
But I mourn not simple flowers,
However bright they be,
Since they fade with summer hours;—
The holly branch for me!

The holly branch it lingers,
Unmov'd by wintry blast,
When all its gay companions
Like summer buds have passed.
Then let us hope our friendships
As durable may be;—
Hurrah! for merry Christmas,
The holly branch for me!

BEWATCHFUL!ANDBEWARE!

SEEK not to know the future,
Be happy while you may,
Nor cloud with dark foreknowledge
The sunshine of to day.
I see that you are hopeful,
I read it in your eyes,

And I can learn no more from
The stars that gem the skies;
Trust not the outward seeming
Of all who speak you fair:
What has been, maiden, may be,
Be watchful! and beware!

I will not cheat you, maiden,
My gipsy skill you seek,
This only of the future
The gipsy girl can speak:—
When flippant worldlings flatter,
Let them your doubts begin,
Take, maiden, for your counsel
The "still small voice within:"
If weak the heart of woman,
Her stronghold, too, is there;
Guard then the fortress, conscience!
Be watchful! and beware!

HAPPY AS A KING.

SEE yon happy, rosy boy,
Full of life and full of joy,
Smiling now with mirth elate!
Swinging on the rustic gate.
Care with him was never known,
Joyful hours are all his own,
Chief in every rural play,
Laughing mates his voice obey;
Woodland scenes are his delight,
There he rules in sylvan might,
Leading merry games with glee,
Happy as a king is he.

Monarchs of another sphere Have their hours of hope and fear, Troubles come to mar their reign,
Bringing sorrow in their train.
Stately pomp disturbs their ease,
Though they strive they fail to please;
Such is not our hero's fate
Swinging on the rustic gate:
Form and pride, with him unknown,
Never cloud his sylvan throne;
Thus the world may truly see
Happier than a king is he.

THE MUSIC OF THE MILL.

As Jeannie came from market,
The rain fell from the sky,
She sought the mill upon the hill
Until the storm passed by;
And there sat Jeannie smiling,
As the miller his sacks did fill,
While both they sung in chorus
To the music of the mill.

The storm it soon pass'd over,
The sun began to shine,
Said he, "The way that you must
stray,
It happens to be mine."
Her checks they glow'd like roses,
Her eyes began to fill,
When he vow'd his love should changeless prove,
As the music of the mill.

She goes no more a-gleaning,
For he has acres fair,
And Jeannie is the brightest flower
Of all that blossoms there;
But she bids the village maidens
Their aprons full to fill
As the year comes round, and they
bless the sound
Of the music of the mill.

DEAR SUMMER MORN.

How merrily this summer morn
The wind goes singing by,
While gracefully the rustling corn
Nods to the melody.

There's mirth, there's music ev'rywhere,

Above, around, below—
The very streamlet hath an air
Of gladness in its flow.

O summer morn, dear summer morn!
Thou play'st a charmer's part;
Thy ruddy glow is on my brow,
Thy sunshine in my heart.

While green leaves dance to ev'ry wind

They give a pleasant sound,
And half array'd in sun and shade
Make pictures on the ground.
My heart is gay, my step is light,
Birds fly from stem to stem—
I feel, too, as I watch their flight,
That I could soar with them.

O summer morn, dear summer morn!
Thou play'st a charmer's part;
Thy ruddy glow is on my brow,
Thy sunshine in my heart.

THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every power,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep—
Then our careful watch we keep,
While the wolf in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl;
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance—
Females shriek, but no assistance.
Silence, silence, or you meet your fate!
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate!
Locks, bolts, & bars, they fly asunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

HAPPY DAYS AND HAPPY NIGHTS.

HAPPY days and happy nights,
Come with ev'ry season;
While I sing of joy's delights
You shall know the reason:
Spring and summer bloom for me,
Autumn brings its pleasures.

Winter, stern and cold may be, But it hath its treasures: Loving eyes light up the home Where kind words endear me, And whene'er abroad I roam, Loving hearts are near me. Oh! happy days, &c.

If a cloud came o'er my heart, Short-lived was its sadness; Tears of sorrow soon gave way To some newborn gladness. Oft I think how much I owe To those lips that taught me, Where to seek true pleasure's fount, And the peace it brought me. Happy days and happy nights, More than I can number— Days of well-remember'd joys, Nights of peaceful slumber. Oh! happy days, &c.

OH! SPEAK TO HER IN KINDNESS.

SPEAK! O speak to her in kindness! And thy child will turn to thee; "More in sorrow than in anger" Should the mother's chidings be; Let her feel when thou reprovest 'Tis thy love that makes thee chide, And the heart will grow repentant Which had else been steel'd in pride.

If again thy child offend thee, Be not tardy to forgive— For our days are not so many We should let resentment live: But a word—a look sufficeth, If thy kindness do but move; And the mother's noblest triumph Is to win her child with love.

There must come a day of parting, And how soon that day may be! When her heart shall lose thy guid- has not yet paid his bill. ance, Or thy child be lost to thee:

How 'twill solace then the mourner, How 'twill soften her regret, That no word was ever spoken Which the heart would fain forget.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

THE sailor boasts his stately ship, The bulwark of the isle; The soldier loves his sword, and sings Of tented plains the while; But we will hang the ploughshare up Within our fathers' halls, And guard it as the deity Of plenteous festivals.

We'll pluck the brilliant poppies And the far-fam'd barley-corn, To wreathe with bursting wheat-ears That outshines the saffron morn; We'll crown it with a glowing heart, And pledge our fertile land,-The ploughshare of Old England And the sturdy peasant band!

The work it does is good and blest, And may be proudly told; We see it in the teeming barns And fields of waving gold; Its metal is unsullied, No blood-stain lingers there: God speed it well, and let it Thrive unshackled everywhere!

The bark may rest upon the wave, The spear may gather dust; But never may the prow that cuts The furrow lie and rust. Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, And pledge our fertile land,— The ploughshare of Old England And the sturdy peasant band!

The man who paid his compliments The experience of life-What a

| fool I have been.

THE ICE-THE ICE.

And he reigns a king on his northern throne;

Full many have tried, but tried in

To force a path through his wide domain;

There is many a mountain, but never a tree,

On that dreary and desolate northern And the shifting shoals, and the

drifting rocks, That the mariner scares and the pilot

mocks. Oh! the ice, the ice! o'er land and

No monarch so mighty reigns as

The ice-the ice! when he comes abroad

His breath is as keen as the sharpest

And the mightiest despot man e'er

Must still succumb to his strong blockade:

For he chains the sea in his firm embrace.

And the river he binds to its restingplace:

And his banners have each a strange device.

For never alike are the shapes of the

Oh! the ice, &c.

The ice—the ice! spite of many a

skaters glide

tide:

lip,

In the summer heat, when the cup we sip;

THE ice—the ice has a realm of his And he rids us of many a noisome

That would spread like a plague at returning spring.

Oh! the ice, &c.

KING DEATH.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow, He sat where no sun could shine, And he lifted his hand so yellow

And pour'd out his coal-black

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden Whose eyes had forgot to shine,

And widows with grief o'erladen, For a draught of his coal-black wine.

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning, The poet his fancied woes,

And the beauty her bloom returning, Like life to the fading rose.

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,

Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,

And he gave them his hand so yellow,

And pledged them in Death's black wine.

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

THE BROWN JUG.

He is often a stout, staunch friend to DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale

For he gives him health when the (Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale)

In mad, wild glee o'er the frozen Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul

He cools the draught for the fevered As e'er crack'd a bottle or fathom'd a bowl.

the bell.

It chanced, as in dog-days he sat at his ease

In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,

With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,

And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,

And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,

And Time into clay had resolved it again,

A potter found out in its covert so

And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;

So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

DEAR OLD MOTHER ENGLAND

ENGLAND.

DEAR old Mother England, Happy Mother England, To laud thy fame I breathe thy name, And that's enough, dear England! Let foreign tongues against thee rail, And brother strive gainst brother,

Yet ill befall the recreant son Who dare traduce his mother. Dear old Mother England,

Happy Mother England, To laud thy fame I breathe thy name, And that's enough, dear England!

SCOTLAND.

Health to thee, old Scotland, Blithe and bonnie Scotland!

In boozing about 'twas his pride to | The brave and free on land and sea Revere thy name, dear Scotland! And among jolly topers he bore off Twin Sisters are our British Isles, Both famed in olden story; And side by side each emulates And boasts the other's glory. Health to thee, old Scotland! Blithe and bonnie Scotland! The brave and free on land and sea Revere thy name, dear Scotland!

IRELAND.

Here's to good old Ireland, Frank and fearless Ireland! The dawning rays of happy days Are shining on old Ireland. Above her soon, O may the noon Its glories be revealing; So shall they be, these sisters three, But one in heart and feeling. Here's to good old Ireland, Frank and fearless Ireland! The dawning rays of happy days Are shining on old Ireland.

THE QUEEN.

Health to Queen Victoria! Long life to Victoria! On sea and shore all hearts adore The name of good Victoria. With ready hands and willing hearts Our homage now we render; And while her kingdoms own a man She'll ne'er want a defender. Health to Queen Victoria! Long life to Victoria! On sea and shore all hearts adore The name of good Victoria!

I STILL LOVE THEE.

I STILL love thee, I still love thee. I heed not what they say; Though others may have tempted me, I must my heart obey: They tell me, when they hear thy

That it can never be; I only know that, praise or blame,

I still love thee.

When first I loved I knew not then Another claimed thy heart,

And bitter was the feeling when
I found that we must part;

But, though you never can be mine, Speak kindly still to me,

And then my heart will ne'er repine— I still love thee!

I still love thee, yet deem not now That I thy love would share,

Or bid thee break thy plighted vow To one, perchance, more fair;

I ask thee only to retain

Some gentle thoughts of me,

For I can never love again As I love thee!

I'LL SING SWEET SONGS TO THEE.

When the summer sun is shining, As the woods we rove along, Hand-in-hard—like flowers entwin-

I will cheer thee with my song;
When the autumn winds are sighing,
And the leaves fall from the tree,

As we watch them round us lying, I will sing sweet songs to thee.

When thy brow looks pale with sorrow,

When thine eye lets fall the tear, I will strive to cheer thy morrow, For thou then wilt be more dear; From thy brow each cloud shall va-

nish, Clinging fondly still to me,

Every care my lays shall banish, For I'll sing sweet songs to thee.

Of the past I'll weave a story
That shall still to thee be dear,
Songs of love and lays of glory,
Lofty dame and Cavalier;—

True hearts met that long had parted,

Legends old of land and sea,
Of the brave and gentle-hearted,—
I will sing sweet songs to thee.

THE GRASP OF FRIEND-SHIP'S HAND.

GIVE me the grasp that is warm, kind, and ready,

Give me the grasp that is calm, true, and steady;

Give me the hand that will never deceive me—

Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,

Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman:

Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never,

Give me the hand that is friendly for ever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;

Give me the hand that has harm'd not another:

Give me the hand that has never foreswore it;

Give me its grasp, that I aye may adore it.

Lovely the palm of the fair blueeyed maiden;

Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;

Lovely or ugly, it matters notnever,

Give me the hand that is friendly for ever!

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,

Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;

Let Friendship give me the grasps that become her,

Close as the twine of the vines in the summer.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;

Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another;

Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never,

Give me the hand that is friendly for ever!

OH, YE TEARS! OH, YE TEARS.

OH, ye tears! oh, ye tears! that have long refus'd to flow, Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing

like the snow; The ice-bound clod has yielded, and

the early snow-drops spring, And the healing fountains gush, and the wilderness shall sing.

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! I am thankful that ye run,

Though ye come from cold and dark, ye shall glitter in the sun; The rainbow cannot cheer us, if the

showers refuse to fall, And the eyes that cannot weep are

the saddest eyes of all.

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,

And the barren rock of Pride hath been stricken once again;

Like the rock the prophet open'd, 'mid the desert's burning sand, It shall yield the living stream to make gladness in the land.

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! there is sunshine in my heart,

And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;

Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago.

Oh, ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the night

Sweep through the marble halls! I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light

From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of Maid of Athens, I am gone, might, Stoop o'er me from above:

The calm majestic presence of the night,

As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,

The manifold soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the

Like some old poet's rhymes. From the cool cisterns of the midnight air

My spirit drank repose;

The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to

What man has borne before! Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of

And they complain no more. Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this pray'r!

Descend, with broad-winged flight, The welcome, the thrice pray'd for, the most fair.

The best beloved night.

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part, Give, oh give me back my heart! Or, since that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest. Hear my vow before I go, Zoe mou, sas agapo.

By those tresses unconfined, Wooed by each Ægeian wind; By those lids whose jetty fringe Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge; By those wild eyes like the roe, Hear my vow before I go, Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Think of me, sweet, when alone; Though I fly to Istamboul.

Athens holds my heart and soul. Can I cease to love you? No! Zoe mou, sas agapo.

TWILIGHT.

WHEN lingering sunbeams fade away And flowrets drop their heads, And twilight o'er departing day Its mystic influence sheds: When nature sleeps in calm repose O'er mountain, brake, and tree; And stars their twinkling light dis-I think of love and thee.

"Tis in that silent, lonely hour The soul recals the past, And conjures up with magic power Bright days too pure to last; Then fancy paints in vivid rays Scenes ever dear to me, And, musing o'er those by-gone days, I think of love and thee!

I DO NOT LOVE THEE!

I DO not love thee,—no—I do not love And yet, when thou art absent I am

And envy e'en the bright blue sky

above thee, Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee,—yet, when thou art gone,

speak be dear,

Which breaks the lingering echo of But a sweeter song has cheered me the tone

The voice of music leaves upon my

I do not love thee,—yet I know not why,— .Whate'er thou dost, seems still well And often, in my solitude, I sigh That those I do love are not more like thee.

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COM-PANY.

SING!—Who sings To her who weareth a hundred rings? Ah, who is this lady fine? The Vine, boys! the Vine! The mother of mighty Wine. A roamer is she

O'er wall and tree, And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks To her who blusheth and never thinks? Ah, who is this maid of thine? The Grape, boys! the Grape! O, never let her escape Until she be turned to Wine! For better is she, Than vine can be, And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams Of the god who governs a thousand streams? Ah, who is this spirit fine? 'Tis Wine, boys! 'tis Wine! God Bacchus, a friend of mine! O, better is he Than grape or tree, And the best of all good company!

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I HAVE heard the mavis singing Its love song to the morn, I hate the sound, though those who I've seen the dew-drop clinging To the rose just newly born; At the evening's gentle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the dew-drop on the rose. Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, And thy artless, winning smile, [done to me; That made this world an Eden,

Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Though thy voice may lose its sweet- | Waves combined create an ocean,

And thine eye its brightness too, Though thy step may lack its swift-

And thy hair its sunny hue, Still to me wilt thou be dearer Than all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beauty, But not for that alone. I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for ever, Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

THERE IS SOMETHING YE MAY DO!

BRETHREN, in this life's existence, Though but humble be your parts, Let not fear upbuild resistance, To the dictates of your hearts. Fear of ridicule and scorning, Of oppression's thralling band; For a better time is dawning, Brighter moments are at hand. Come they fast, or come they slowly, It depends alone on you; If ye are but somewhat lowly. There is something ye may do.

Something while one tithe of grieving Through the land its shadows casts, While one burden wants relieving, While one hungry being fasts. While there is one spirit striving Truth's progression to resist, Or a varnish'd cheat is living, Or a blazen'd wrong exist. Single hand would move but slowly, Many are begot of few; Though ye are but somewhat lowly, There is something ye may do.

Something, if your hand is willing, shame.

While Oppression's wholesale killing Where periwinkle crept, mother, Taints and blots a nation's name.

Forests are but single leaves, Gather'd winds a tempest's motion, Single ears make harvest's sheaves. Thus each deed shall prove—though. slowly,

Time may give its work to view,— Thus, in fellowship, though lowly, There is something ye may do.

Every little act is telling, In the giant scale of time; And, however small, is swelling High each bulwark against crime. Every truthful deed is tending. In its moving, still to prove The all-linking, all-defending Power and majesty of love. Speed ye then! and let the holy Zeal for right, each deed imbue, Ye shall be, however lowly, Working good in what ye do.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

THE blind boy's been at play, mother, And merry games we had; We led him on our way, mother, And every step was glad. But when we found a starry flower, And praised its varied hue, A tear came trembling down his cheek, Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother, Where falling waters made A rainbow o'er the rill, mother, As golden sun-rays played; But when we shouted at the scene, And hailed the clear blue sky, He stood quite still upon the bank, And breathed a long, long sigh.

While they robe fair truth in We asked him why he wept, mother, Whene'er we found the spots O'er wild forget-me-nots:

"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran

As fast as summer showers, "It is because I cannot see The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother, Has taught me I am blest, For I can look with joy, mother, On all I love the best.

And when I see the dancing stream, And daisies red and white,

I'll kneel upon the meadow sod, And thank my God for sight.

I WOULD NOT FORGET.

I WOULD not forget the dear scenes of my youth,

For all the relief that forgetfulness gives,

But cling to each dream of that season of truth,

Although with a semblance of sorrow it lives;

I know that through sorrows the bright pathway lies,

As beams on that pathway I look | Thou brightening cloud, that sail'st back to them;

Each thought that I see from those moments arise,

But turns every tear, with its Tell yonder fading, winking star, light, to a gem.

I would not forget the dear scenes my youth,

Though each vision, new-gazed on, is dim with my tears,

For I know o'er the tempest of anguish the truth

Has built up an azure no cloud ever sears:

Thus finding that sorrow but chastens—not mars-

I would not give life, by one soft'ning of pain,

An eve with no sunbeams to thread the first stars,

Or token the rise of its lustre And still upon that face I look, again.

THEY SAY I'M OLD.

THEY say I'm old; because I'm grey, The aged bard, they now call me! But grey or green, I boldly say

We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Though sixty years and ten may doom

Tired men to rest with worms and . me;

With sixty gone, and ten to come, We're not old yet, but mean to be.

My eyes flash flame, my heart is glad,

When poor men shake their sides with glee;

And though they cry, "Come on, old lad!"

We're not old yet, but mean to be.

While soars the skylark high and higher, as I was Int ilan And bids the mountains wake to

How morn can fill my veins with fire,

We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Where screams the falcon, wheeling free!

We're not old yet, but mean to be.

IF I HAD KNOWN THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

If I had known thou couldst have died,

I might not have wept for thee: But I torgot when by thy side, world That thou couldst mortal be:

It never through my mind had past, The time would e'er be o'er,

That I on thee should look my last, And thou shouldst smile no more!

And think 'twill smile again:

That I must look in vain! But when I speak thou dost not say What thou ne'er left'st unsaid: And now I feel, as well I may,

Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art, All cold, and all serene - you would I still might press thy silent heart, And where thy smiles have been! While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,

Thou seemest still mine own; But there I lay thee in thy grave-And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art, Thou hast forgotten me; And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,

In thinking, too, of thee! Yet there was round thee such a dawn.

Of light ne'er seen before, As fancy never could have drawn, And never can restore.

SONG TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going—let him go— Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no

Ring out the feud of rich and poor-

Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

And still the thought I will not brook, Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes.

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right-Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of

Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land-Ring in the Christ that is to be! how a light for your of those to

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE. LOVE?

All of the state of

WHERE, as dewy twilight lingers O'er the balmy air, love, Harps seem touched by fairy fingers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? While the rapid swallow's flying, And each distant murmur dying, Leaves alone around us sighing, Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Where soft gales from beds of flowers Fragrant incense bear, love, Sweet as Eastern maidens' bowers, Wilt thou meet me there, love? While the bird of love is singing, Liquid notes around us flinging, Rapture to the full heart bringing, Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Advice to a Gambler-Never say die.

THE REIN-DEER.

REIN-DEER! Rein-deer! over the snow, Let the lightning's speed be thine. Haste thee on! thou art all too slow For a love so warm as mine.

Oh! that thou couldst outstrip the

In the path thou lov'st to roam; On, on, and win a caress as kind As the smile that lights my home.

Rein-deer! swift is thy foot, but ne'er, Were thy speed the wild bird's flight,

Rushing on through the realms of air, Couldst thou reach our home ere night;

Another day—and another still— And such days to me are years-Must thou follow thy master's will Ere his distant home appears.

Day is gone, and the night clouds lower,

Bringing rest to thee awhile: I will watch for the morning hour, Then away to thy weary toil.

Daylight sets, but oh! not in care, Ere the shades of night are come; Rein-deer! thou for thy speed shalt

In the joys of thy master's home.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A WORD in season spoken May calm the troubled breast, And hearts by grief half broken May find some place of rest; Then who would coldly listen To sorrow's thrilling tale, When eyes with Hope might glisten, If kind words but prevail.

If we but gently reason When lost is honour's track. A word of love in season May bring the wand'rer back; Then who would lose the pleasure A friendly voice may win, Nor gather up the treasure Of turning hearts from sin?

A GENTLEMANLY BRIDEGROOM. The young Queen of Portugal lately asked her husband at dinner what wine he preferred. "Port-you-gal!" was the reply.

Why are fleas liable to attacks of insanity?—Because they generally

die cracked.

How does the most punctual of paymasters incur a mighty debt?-By sleeping on tick.



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